# The 1947 Epitome

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# The Epitome

# of 1947

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

JAMES WALKER MEMORIAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

# THE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I SOLEMNLY PLEDGE MYSELF BEFORE GOD AND IN THE PRESENCE OF THIS ASSEMBLY TO PASS MY LIFE IN PURITY AND TO PRACTICE MY PROFESSION FAITHFULLY. I WILL OBSTAIN FROM WHATEVER IS DELETERIOUS AND MISCHIEVOUS, AND WILL NOT TAKE OR KNOWINGLY ADMINISTER ANY HARMFUL DRUG. I WILL DO ALL IN MY POWER TO ELEVATE THE STANDARDS OF MY PROFESSION, AND I WILL HOLD IN CONFIDENCE ALL PERSONAL MATTERS COMMITTED TO MY KEEPING, AND ALL FAMILY AFFAIRS COMING TO MY KNOWLEDGE IN THE PRACTICE OF MY PROFESSION. WITH LOYALTY WILL I ENDEAVOR TO AID THE PHYSICIAN IN HIS WORK, AND DEVOTE MYSELF TO THE WELFARE OF THOSE COMMITTED TO MY CARE.

LYSTRA GRETTER, R.N., 1893.

# FOREWORD

AS A RESUME OF OUR THREE YEARS IN THE SCHOOL OF NURSING AT JAMES WALKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, WE HOPE THIS ANNUAL WILL BRING MANY PLEASANT MEMORIES IN THE FUTURE YEARS.

# EPITOME STAFF

*Editor*, Bonnie Pearl Branch; *Business Manager*, Mildred McFarling.

*Editorial Adviser*, Mrs. Mrs. Violet Polvogt; *Business Adviser*, Miss Beadie Britt.

*Assistant Editor*, Mary Williams; *Assistant Business Manager*, Jessie Pittman; *Assistant Business Manager*, Wilbur High; *Snapshot Editor*, Mildred Wilson; *Assistant Snapshot Editor*, Katherine Lewis; *Art Editor*, Rometta Hester; *Typist*, Lucille Baker.

# DEDICATION

WITH ESTEEM GRATIFICATION DO WE DEDICATE THIS NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN ISSUE OF THE EPITOME TO ONE WHOSE NEVER ENDING PATIENCE, WHOSE SELF SACRIFICING AND UNDYING DEVOTION HAS PRESENTED TO US THE TRUE SPIRIT OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

SHE LEAVES WITH US HER SERENE, REVEREND INSPIRATION AND THE DESIRE TO BE JUST A LITTLE LIKE THE STRONG CHARACTER WHO IS

BEADIE ELIZABETH BRITT

A go-getter of whom we are sure will be an added improvement to our school. May his stay here be a long one.

MR. JOHN W. RANKIN

SUPERINTENDENT OF HOSPITAL

## JAMES WALKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL BOARD OF MANAGERS

Mr. J. C. Roe
Mr. Dan Penton
Mr. Charles B. Parmele
Mr. John M. Blass
Mr. Walter P. Sprunt
Mr. Wm. D. McCraig
Mr. Herbert Bluethenthal
Mr. Raymond H. Holland
Mr. Luther A. Raney

Since Miss Wright's arrival to James Walker Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, there has been a marked improvement. . . . A bulwark of strength on which we depend.

*Director of Nurses*
MISS CLARA LOUISE WRIGHT, R.N.

*Assistant Director of Nurses*
MISS BEADIE E. BRITT, R.N.

Miss Britt is a devoted and most ardent worker for our Training School. She is known for her efficiency, willingness to help, and integrity.

To us, she is our inner conscience, the ever-watching eye who did the utmost to keep us out of mischief.

# EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

*Educational Director*
MISS RUTH CALLOWAY PANNILL, R.N.

. . . our hats off to Miss Pannill whose untiring efforts gave us our knowledge, and whose faith in us was an inspiration.

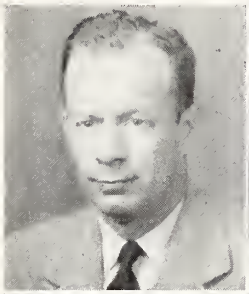
. . . taught timid young girls to have confidence and determination to be nurses.

*Nursing Arts Instructor*
MRS. VIOLA HATCH, R.N.

*Assistant Nursing Arts Instructor*
MRS. BETTY DEXTER, R.N.

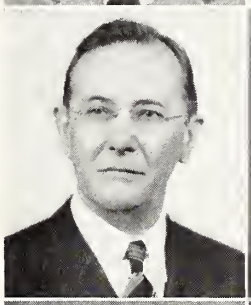
. . . persistent insistance upon carrying out correct procedures, hair off collars, and hair nets.

# OUR DOCTORS

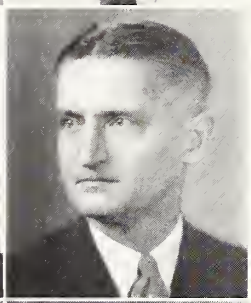


E. C. Anderson, M.D.
*E. E. N. and T.*

Graham Barefoot, M.D.
*Roentgenology*

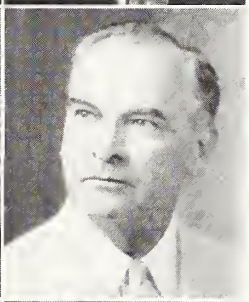


H. A. Codington, M.D.
*Surgery*



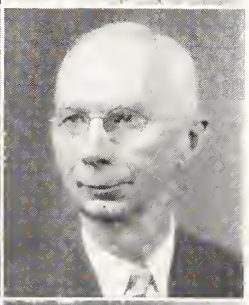
H. F. Coleman, M.D.
*E. E. N. and T.*

J. B. Cranmer, M.D.
*Medicine*



A. McRae Crouch, M.D.
*Pediatrics*

William R. Dosher, M.D.
*Obstetrics, Gynecology*

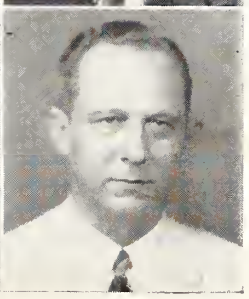


John E. Evans, M.D.
*Surgery*

J. Watts Farthing, M.D.
*Surgery*

Jere Freeman, M.D.
*E. E. N. and T.*

J. S. Hall, M.D.
*Statistician*



R. B. Hare, M.D.
*Urology*

# OUR DOCTORS

JOSEPH W. HOOPER, M.D.
*Surgery*

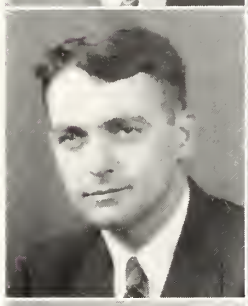
GEORGE JOHNSON, M.D.
*Obstetrics, Gynecology*

J. C. KNOX, M.D.
*Pediatrics*

S. E. KOONCE, M.D.
*E. E. N. and T.*

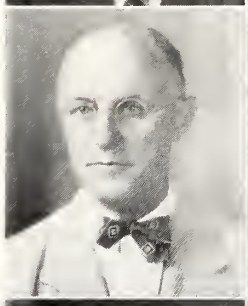
DONALD B. KOONCE, M.D.
*Surgery*

DUNCAN MCEACHERN, M.D.
*Medicine*



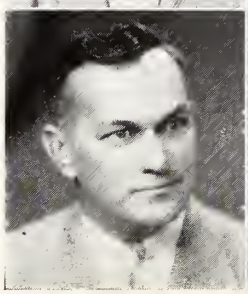
WILLIAM MEBANE, JR.
M.D.
*Obstetrics*

HOUSTON MOORE, M.D.
*Dermatology*



DAVID MURCHISON, M.D.
*Internal Medicine*

JAMES F. ROBERTSON, M.D.
*Surgery*

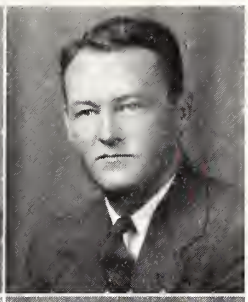


ROBERT B. RODMAN, M.D.
*Medicine, Psychiatry*

J. B. SIDBURY, M.D.
*Pediatrics*

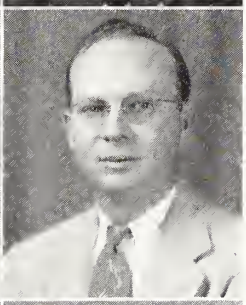
# OUR DOCTORS

James Howard Smith
M.D.
*Pathology*



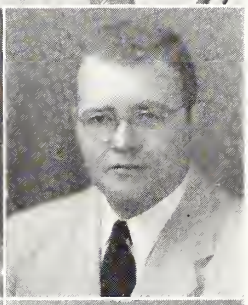
E. P. Walker, M.D.
*Obstetrics*

George R. C. Thompson
M.D.
*Surgery, Obstetrics*



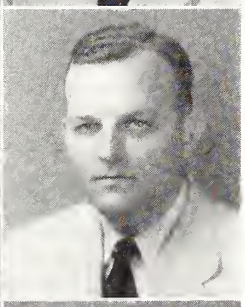
W. Fred Barefoot, M.D.
*Surgery*

Paul A. L. Black, M.D.
*E. E. N. and T.*



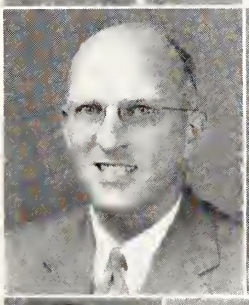
Auley McCrae Crouch, Jr.
M.D.
*Pediatrics*

Robert M. Fales, M.D.
*Surgery*



Charles P. Graham, M.D.
*Surgery*

James B. Lounsbury, M.D.
*Obstetrics, Gynecology*



H. M. Pickard, M.D.
*Internal Medicine*

Charles J. Powell, M.D.
*Surgery*

R. T. Sinclair, M.D.
*Internal Medicine, X-Ray*

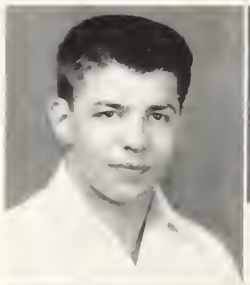
Samuel E. Warshauer
M.D.
*Medicine*

# INTERNES

*Resident Physician*
J. A. H. Shuford, M.D.

*Assistant Resident*
George Rosenberg, M.D.

John Arthur, M.D.



Gabriel DeLaTorre, M.D.

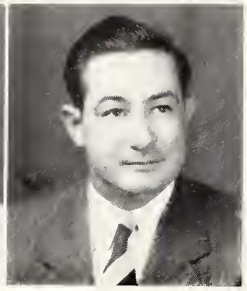
Thomas M. Hall, M.D.

Thomas S. Jackson, M.D.

Walter W. Otto, M.D.

J. B. Purkall, Jr., M.D.

Edwin C. Womble, M.D.



*Registered Pharmacist*
George H. Edmonds

# SUPERVISORS

Miss Martha Beall
Mrs. Ruth Craig
Miss Eleanor Faircy

Mrs. Louise Hayduke
Mrs. Daphne Jeffords
Miss Mary McDuffy

Miss Cynthia McEntee
Miss Virginia Pearsall
Mrs. Violet Polvogt

Miss Nina Scott
Mrs. Clara Lee Sturgis
Miss Doris Woodcock

Miss Margaret Wyckoff

*Not pictured:* Miss Mattie Fowler, Miss Lillian Sebrell, Miss Thelma Harding.

# STAFF NURSES

*First row, left to right:* Mrs. Ovaline Barberousse, Miss Freddie Barefoot, Miss Alice Capps, Mrs. Lois Cavenaugh, Miss Fannie Collins.

*Second row:* Miss Dorothy Dixon, Miss Lillian Dixon, Miss Helen Elmore, Mrs. Ann Giggleman, Mrs. Jeanette Gill.

*Third row:* Mrs. Phyllis Hazel, Miss Irene Hawkins, Miss Leona Lanier, Mrs. Jane Self Long, Mrs. Catherine Perten.

*Fourth row:* Miss Frances Potts, Mrs. Althea Snipes. *Not pictured:* Mrs. Christine Evans, Mrs. Mabel Hughes, Mrs. Geneva Dykes.

# OUR ASSOCIATES

*First row, left to right:* Mrs. Myrtle Elliott, *Anesthetist;* Mary Elizabeth Barefoot, Johnie Perten, Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, *X-Ray Technicians.*

*Second row:* Elizabeth Blackham, Hazel Jones, Sarah Sands, Idell Wheeler, *Lab. Technicians.*

*Third row:* Joseph Lewis, *Lab. Technician;* Christine Herring, Mary M. Phillips, *Dietitians.*

# CLASS POEM

## WHICH?

You are the fellow who makes up your mind
Whether you'll lead or linger behind,
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar
Or be contented to stay where you are.
Feuding, agreeing with trends of life,
Facing your problems, defeating their strife
With wills of armor. A purpose unknown
To even ourselves, until we are shown
That right and wrong are allies and foe.
Thus fate bestows you the will to go
Forth into paths that lead to the road
From which you must pattern your own abode.
Experiences from those who have faced the same,
Gambled their lives and played the game.
The way was paved for us to see,
To profit from that which for them could not be.
Take it-or-leave it—there's something to do—
Just think it over—it's all up to you.

Eleen Johnson,
*Class Poet.*

JAMES WALKER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
WILMINGTON N.C.

# SPONSORS

BEADIE E. BRITT, R.N. J. WATTS FARTHING, M.D.

# MASCOTS

PATRICIA KATHLEEN BLACK

DUDLEY GILL

# THE NURSE

The world grows better year by year.
Because some nurse in her little sphere.
Puts on her apron and grins and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numberless ills;
Feeding the baby, answering the bells
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile;
Blessing the new born babe's first breath
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes,
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes;
Going off duty at seven o'clock
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven-fifteen
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar
Oh Lord, will You give us just one little star,
To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new.
In that city above where the head nurse is You.

# SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Bonnie Pearl Branch
*President*

Rometta Hester
*Vice President*

Mildred Angerlee McFarling
*Secretary*

Mildred Wilson
*Treasurer*

*Class Colors:* Red and White
*Class Flower:* Red Roses

*Class Motto:* "When any great design thou dost intend, think on the means the manner. and the end."—*John Denham.*

Cadet Effie Leigh Elmore

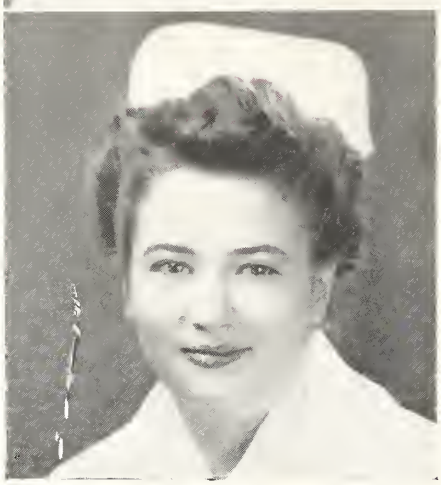
Laurinburg, N. C.

"Sober, quiet, sincere, and demure
One of those friends of whom you are sure."

Cadet Rometta Hilburn Hester

Bladenboro, N. C.

"I never think of the future, it comes soon enough."



Cadet Wilbur Grey High

Clarkton, N. C.

"Defeat is for only those who accept it."

Cadet Eleen Johnson

Wilmington, N. C.

"A cheery word, a pleasant smile, she'll help you over the weary mile."

Cadet Katherine Lewis

Goldsboro, N. C.

"I take life as it comes and enjoy it."

Cadet Julia Martin

Princeton, N. C.

"A merry heart goes all the way, a sad one tires in a mile."

Cadet Audrey W. Overby

Pine Level, N. C.

"Her actions speak louder than words."

Cadet Jessie Grey Pittman

Kenly, N. C.

"Like a squirrel, you chatter and chatter,
Life would be dull without your patter."

Cadet Theresa Faye Pope

Magnolia, N. C.

"Fair of figure, fair of face,
Full of fun, and full of grace."

Cadet Mary Williams

Morehead City, N. C.

"Silence and gentleness are power."

Cadet Lucille Baker

Wilmington, N. C.

"Of all the many crimes my wicked past bestrewing, I most regret the ones that someone caught me doing."

Cadet Bonnie Pearl Branch

Goldsboro, N. C.

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Cadet Annie Lois Cain

Parkersburg, N. C.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me."

Cadet Leola Virginia Cavenaugh

Rose Hill, N. C.

"She keeps her tears to herself,
Her laughter with others."

Cadet Jean Stith Collier

Pikeville, N. C.

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

Cadet Juanita Mathis

Mount Olive, N. C.

"She's full of joy, and loving fun,
Look out world here she comes."

Cadet Mildred Angerlee McFarling

Durham, N. C.

"A charming little girl in a cute little way."

Cadet Louise Metts

Wilmington, N. C.

"Roll on old world and I'll roll with you."

Cadet Virginia Grace Padgett

Wallace, N. C.

"A doer, not a dreamer."

Cadet Iris Zeta Rhue

Peletier, N. C.

"Her unselfishness is truly a valuable trait,
She's never known jealousy or hate."

Cadet Ruth Ward

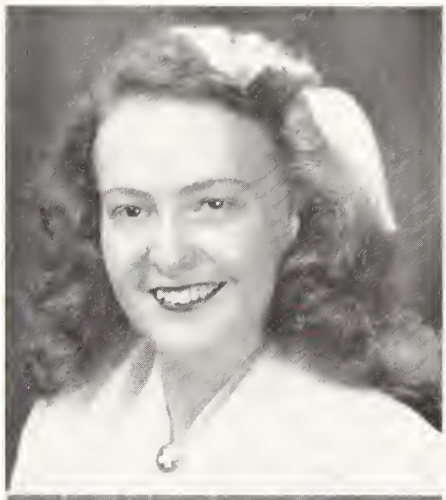
Chadbourn, N. C.

"If she ever had an evil thought,
She never spoke an evil word."

Cadet Mildred Jean Wilson

Mount Olive, N. C.

"This friendly lass with reddish hair
Presents traits that are very rare."



Cadet Martha Winberry

Hubert, N. C.

"There is so much for me to do and so little time."

Cadet Mamie Alice Wray

Tabor City, N. C.

"A steady girl with a goal in view and willing to work to see it through."

# HOUSE MOTHERS

MRS.
JENNIE NEWKIRK

MRS.
ESSIE GRIFFIN

Six a.m.! It just can't be.
It was a couple of minutes before—you see
I had duffed my light and hit the bed
As a matter of fact—my dogs were dead.
Counting sheep is a thing unknown
To those who live in a nurses home,
To sleep is equal to paradise.
Just fall into bed—and close your eyes,
Shutting out the rest of the busy place
'Till the shift at eleven begins its race,
Then, by heavens, you're awakened again,
How did that happen, you question your brain.
But it just won't function with a dizzy pace
So it summoned the strength to try and replace
Buzzing voices with a sandman's grace.
You guess you must have done O.K.
For the next thing you knew it's breaking day.
A dozen clocks and a couple of 'phones
With not one single melodious tone
To soothe the befuddled mind you knew
Had only rested a minute or two.
It refused to awake and face the fact
That minutes were passing and you with a lack
Of the strength you know its gonna take
To get to roll call without being late.
What wouldn't you give for a minute more
Of sleep but a penalty of one hour o'er
Is enough to stimulate a soul
To get to the basement and answer the roll,
To sing a hymn, and say a prayer
And ask yourself how did you dare
To question the purpose—just a mistake!
For after all that's what it takes.

ELEEN JOHNSON,
*Class Poet.*

# CLASS HISTORY

Through these portals—

We weren't so different from the many others who began the same career. We each had two eyes, a head, and a balanced number of other identities. We even thought we had a brain of a sort. Then why those peculiar glares? We couldn't understand at all until a few months had passed and we were handed out a brand new outfit, blue striped dresses with aprons—no bibs—no caps. We were at last beginning to become a part, small stones in the construction of a skyscraper. Our ambitions had begun taking form, being nourished from books, lectures, and practice. We had been duly informed of the fact that we were the lowest form of humanity in this profession, quite frequently, but we were not long to remain on that level. Soon enough we had a class below us and until that time, we wondered about those peculiar stares at the beginning. We were now giving out with a few of the same, and feeling quite proud and important. All we had been through was justified in just that act. This was definitely for us. Yes indeed, we had made the grade!

Our junior year began with a narrow black band, more books, more responsibilities. Restriction was a word of which most of us became more than vaguely aware. We surely were not foreign to each other. There was always someone who felt in a performing mood. No particular talent, but feats ran from fire extinguishers to hula skirts. Our third floor was famous. Anything for a laugh. Everything was funny after 9:00 p.m. when doors were supposed to be closed, radios silent, books opened and being given our attention. It was so easy to forget the humpteen rules on the door of each and every student. Our hearts were young and very gay.

It was in that era that class officers and Miss Britt and Dr. Farthing, as sponsors, were selected. There were quite naturally three sides to every point, and finally satisfaction to all. We had parties, dances, and then that beautiful junior-senior banquet. Every one was beautiful, every heart a happy one. How proud we were of ourselves and our seniors. No one will ever forget how wonderful Miss Britt was that night, the ideal sponsor. We were never closer than then.

Our next important move was the annual. We sold any and everything. Mostly cakes which were quite expensive, in the long run. At long last the end product and last gestures of three years work. Can it really be? How could the persons in our class have become so close. We were like sisters. Our every problem was shared. Actually that which had been striven for so hard and long was becoming a sad ordeal. Our edges had been smoothed and we had long ago graduated from hall performers to "Bull Sitters." Much more dignified to us, but less so to night patrols. We were headed off to bed many times in an undignified fashion. Our most potential weapon was used within ourselves, to gripe—it made things much brighter and anyway we didn't really mind. We had so little time left.

Now that it's over, it's hard to explain the way we feel inside. We think kindly even of those who made things a little tougher. We leave with a sense of devotion and indebtedness to our teachers, instructors, and supervisors. Our doctors are tops and we promise never to forget just that.

We can never repay that which we will carry away with us. We can only try very hard to be all you have made us, with all credit to you. We can be very proud to say and know that we have completed three years of interesting collectiveness here in our own Alma Mater.

Faye Pope,
*Historian.*

# SUPERLATIVES

*Prettiest*
FAYE POPE

*Most Popular*
JUANITA MATHIS

# SUPERLATIVES

*Cutest*
MILDRED McFARLING

*Best Dressed*
MILDRED WILSON

# SUPERLATIVES

*Most Efficient*
*Most Dignified*
EFFIE LEIGH ELMORE

*Quietest*
*Most Pleasing Personality*
RUTH WARD

# SUPERLATIVES

*Most Intellectual*
VIRGINIA GRACE PADGETT

*Best All Around*
LOUISE METTS

# SUPERLATIVES

*Most Original*
ROMETTA HESTER

*Wittiest*
JULIA MARTIN

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

North Carolina
New Hanover County
Wilmington, North Carolina

We, the graduating class of James Walker Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, being of unquestionably sound mind, and body, do hereby will and bequeath, our vices, virtue, and valor to the members of the Junior Class.

Article I: To The James Walker Memorial Hospital School of Nursing, our love, appreciation and unforgettable memories.

Article II: To the Board and Doctors, we leave our thanks for their understanding and patience throughout the past three years.

Article III: To Miss Britt, we dedicate The Epitome, in order to show a small portion of our gratitude for her undying willingness to help us, and her faithful guidance through training.

Article IV: To the Preclinicals—we leave our pleasant memories and a root of the stamina it takes to make the grade.

To the Freshmen—we hand down our money making ability—and wishes for good luck.

To the Juniors—we relinquish the second floor and its inevitable invitation to *Bull Sessions* after 11:00 p.m.

Article V: Bonnie Branch wills her beautiful legs to Winifred Bell.

Juanita Mathis and Rometta Hester will to Marjorie Isenhower and Frances Griffin, respectively, their love for horn-rimmed glasses.

Audrey Overby and Virginia Cavenaugh will their vivaciousness to Pauline Wray and Carmelle Watkins.

Louise Metts wills to Agnes Norris a "brand new pack of fags."

Julia Martin wills her ability to sing "Newton" to Ruby Henry.

Jessie Pittman wills her ability to argue to Edith Holton.

Faye Pope wills her ability to get in a "Jam" (restriction, that is) to Mozelle Guyton and Frances Sparks.

Mickey McFarling wills to Sara Ballard her love for short hair.

Wilbur High and Mary Williams will their faithfulness to one man to Julia White and Frances Sholar.

The "Mighty Ten" will to Ashworth and Peacock a small place in Dr. Dosher's heart.

Kat Lewis with hesitance relinquishes her versatile personality to Joyce Andrews.

Eleen Johnson leaves just a part of her love for music to Peggy Summerlin.

Effie Elmore donates her one and only Goldfish "Little Purk" to whoever promises to purchase one to keep it company.

Lucille Baker bequeaths her "Frank Phrases" and the ability to use them to Mary Taylor.

Lois Cain, with many regrets, hands down her pink jersey "PJ's" to Eleanor Johnson.

Jean Collier donates her cheerful solemnity to Marie Winberry.

Virginia Padgett leaves her sense of hearing and ability to whisper to Winifred Quinn.

Iris Rhue wills her dependability and steadfastness to Gloria and Gilda Whitfield.

Ruth Ward agrees to share her quiet ways with Muriel Jackson.

Martha Winberry donates her ever present appetite to Annie Laura Swain.

Alice Wray leaves her dignity to Ozelle Mallard.

Mildred Wilson wishes to leave her ability to "Get Along" with Mrs. S. to Evelyn Price.

We do hereby subscribe our names and affix our seals.

Effie Elmore,
*Testator.*

*Witnesses:*

Eleen Johnson
Virginia Padgett

# CLASS PROPHECY

September 12

Dear Diary:

My vacation draws slowly to a close. During my tour of the States, my mind has turned several times to my classmates of J.W.M.H. On my return trip, I shall attempt to learn something of each of them.

September 13, 1952

Dear Diary:

I stopped for a short visit with Lucille Baker Pace while passing through San Francisco, California. She and Bob happened to be celebrating their 5th anniversary this very day. Bob, Jr., is now three. Bonnie P. Branch was there on her vacation. She is state director of better education for nurses in N. C. It is rumored that she has a male interest out California way.

September 14, 1952

Dear Diary:

Today I changed planes and imagine my surprise at finding Effie Elmore an airline hostess. She is engaged to a prominent Georgia physician. I also learned from her that Julia Martin is doing P.H.N. in Princeton, N. C.

September 15, 1952

Dear Diary:

Having a five hour layover in Pennsylvania gave me the opportunity of seeing Mildred Wilson Lacoc. My, what a family of little redheaded boys. She tells me Kat Lewis and Jessie Pittman are doing industrial nursing in Detroit, Mich.

September 16, 1952

Dear Diary:

My trip took me to New York today. Walking down 5th Avenue, I, by chance, ran into Iris Zeta Rhue. She is famous for her books on hospital discipline for nurses. She invited me to a famous Broadway theater where Faye Pope is the leading star. I always thought her pretty face would take her places. Ruth Ward is the top model for nurses uniforms in New York. She is known as "The Body."

September 17, 1952

Dear Diary:

Whom do you think I found doing private duty nursing in Washington between caring for her family of four. Why, Mary Williams Hamann, of course.

September 18, 1952

Dear Diary:

Finding Little Mickey McFarling, supervisor of the operating room at Duke was no surprise. Can you imagine who the tall fellow is that occupies all her spare time? Guess!!

September 19, 1952

Dear Diary:

I strayed a little off my route to visit Nita Mathis in Goldsboro. She is supervisor of the Maternity Ward in the local hospital. A gay and charming heart breaker still.

September 20, 1952

Dear Diary:

Today Mathis and I drove her red convertible to Hal River to visit Jean Collier Cole. Jean gave up nursing shortly after graduation for a more domestic life. Late this afternoon on Tabor City's main street, we pulled the convert to a halting stop directly in front of a huge limousine containing none other than Alice Wray. We graciously acknowledged introductions to the Tabor City play boy accompanying her. She is doing private duty.

September 21, 1952

Dear Diary:

My arrival in Wilmington completed my trip. Eagerly I made my way to James Walker. On stepping out of my cab, I narrowly escaped being hit by a beautiful convertible. The driver, Audrey Overby. She is the State Inspector of Nursing Schools. Together we entered the portals of J. W. First we proceeded to the Nursing School office to be greeted by Annie Lois Cain, Superintendent of Nurses. Miss Cain herself, escorted us to the education department. Classes were in session. The first classroom we entered was presided over by Virginia Padgett. The Preclinicals were hearing a wonderful lecture on the Administration of Drugs. After class, Virginia brought me up to date on herself. It was during this conversation that I learned Rometta Hester is a Missionary in the South Pacific.

Excusing myself from this merry group, I made my way back toward the main building. So many improvements and changes had been made that it was hard to recognize the old J. W. Arriving on a beautifully equipped floor, which bore no resemblance to any of those I had known so well in former days, I stopped a very dignified looking nurse to make a few inquiries. A familiar smile told me that she was Eleen Johnson, now Mrs. Lee Williams and Supervisor of the lovely new wing (S.W.I.).

Wilbur High Smith and her family of two are to be her house guests during the week-end. Wilbur is residing in Elizabethtown, N. C. She too has given up nursing.

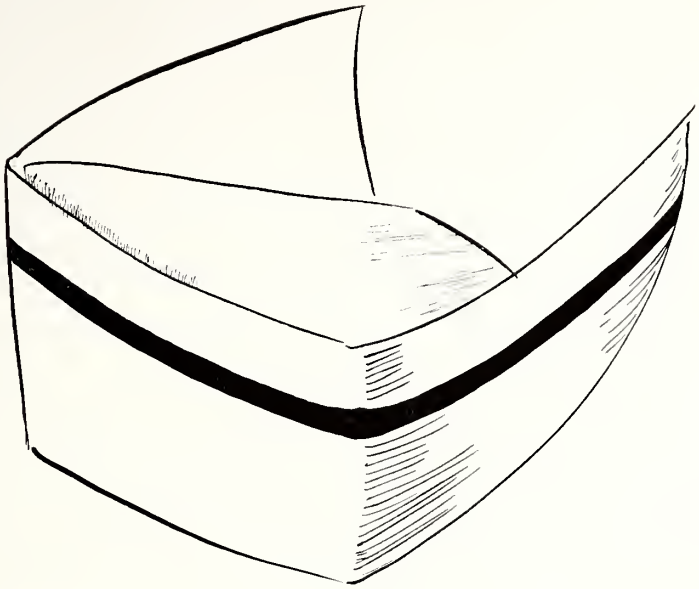
Darkness was rapidly approaching by this time. Grace, Albert, Sonny, and Maffitt Village loomed into my thoughts. While standing in line waiting for a Maffitt Village bus, two figures near the front of the line, their arms laden with groceries and surrounded by a group of small boys in sailor garb, rang a bell of recognition in my mind. The next instance I was embracing Martha Winberry Grainger and Virginia Cavenaugh White, groceries and all. I was happy to know they are still bosom friends and such. Their husbands are now ex-sailors and M. V. the site of their happy homes. Martha's three boys and Virginia's four give the girls little time for nursing outside their own family.

Dear Diary:

I think this has been the busiest day of all my vacation and naturally seeing Grace, Albert, and Sonny, was the crowning event for me. Next week I return to Canada to finish my book "Ethics for Nurses."

It's really wonderful to know that all of our girls have done so well for themselves. Now as dream land becomes sleep and closes my lids, I say, goodnight, Dear Diary.

Louise Metts,
*Prophet.*



# . . . JUNIORS

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*Treasurer*

# CLASS OF 1948

*First row, left to right:* Joyce Andrews, Elizabeth Ashworth, Winifred Bell, Norma Dawson, Ruby Henry.

*Second row:* Marjorie Isenhower, Muriel Jackson, Eleanor Johnson, Ozelle Mallard, Dorothy Peacock.

*Third row:* Evelyn Price, Winifred Quinn, Talitha Rose, Frances Sholar, Annie Laurie Swain.

*Fourth row:* Carmelle Watkins, Evelyn Whitfield, Pauline Wray, Margaret Baker, Sara Ballard.

# CLASS OF 1948

*First row, left to right:* Martha Baumgardner, Allison Bennett, Jacqueline Bussey, Frances Griffin, Mazelle Guyton.

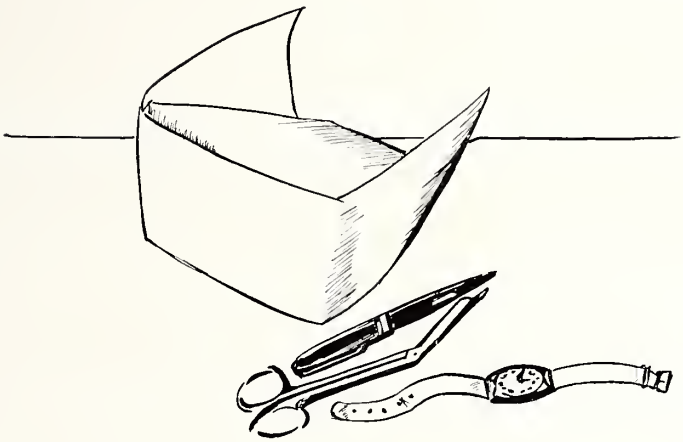
*Second row:* Mary Harrell, Dorothy High, Edith Holton, Mary Ernestine Howard, Agnes Norris.

*Third row:* Roberta Russ, Mary Summerlin, Mary Taylor, Peggy Tolley, Julia White.

*Fourth row:* Marie Winberry, Gilda Whitfield, Gloria Whitfield.

## CLASS OF 1949

# FRESHMEN

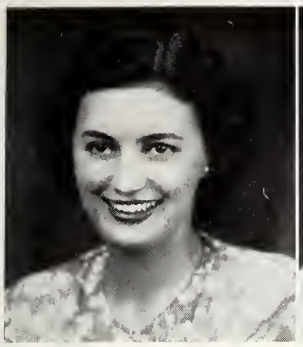


*Left to right:* Rebecca Dellinger, Joyce Hall, Betty Rose Penninger, Frances Sparks, Hazel White.

## CLASS OF 1949

# PRECLINICALS

*First row, left to right:* Lillian Adams, Ellen O. Carr, Sallie Dean Forlines, Hilda Hearn, Evelyn Page.
*Second row:* Eleanor Reese, Laura Gretchen Taylor, Wilhelmina Ward.



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Margaret Baker, Sara Ballard, Allison Bennett, Bonnie P. Branch, Jacqueline Bussey, Annie L. Cain, Virginia Cavenaugh, Effie L. Elmore, Frances Griffin, Mozelle Guyton, Mary Harrell, Rometta Hester, Dorothy High, Wilbur High, Edith Holton, Ernestine Howard, Katherine Lewis, Julia Martin, Agnes Norris, Audrey Overby, Jessie Pittman, Roberta Russ, Ruth Ward, Julia White, Gilda Whitfield, Gloria Whitfield, Mary Williams, Mildred Wilson, Marie Winberry, Alice Wray. *Not pictured:* Bussey, Cain, Cavenaugh, Elmore, D. High, Lewis, Russ, Ward, White, Williams, Winberry, Wray, G. Whitfield.

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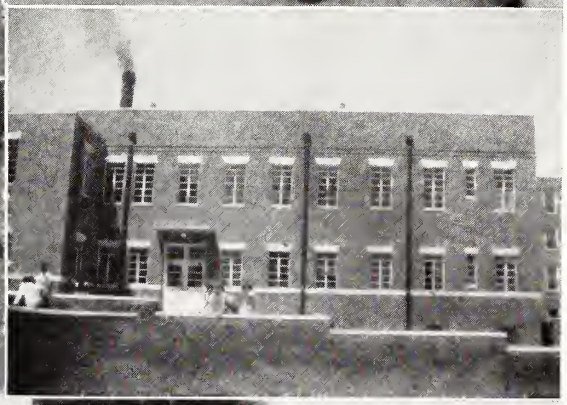
Guess who?

Up in Winnie's room . . . Off we go!

Three guides . . . Just looking . . . Sister Chase . . . Killing time before class.

Relaxed . . . Former chief . . . Givin' 'em the workover.



Bashful? . . . A big smile . . . Lucky sun! . . . Eatin' quarters.

A bevy of smiles . . . As we used to be . . . Holding hands.

Need first aid? . . . Going some place?

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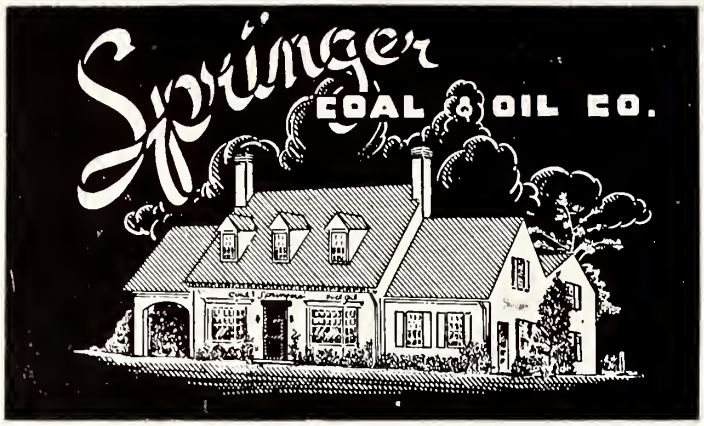


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